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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

More Government by Injunction.

The Democratic national platform adopted at Chicago in 1896 which is still the authoritative embodiment of Democratic principles, contained this paragraph:

We denounce arbitrary interference by Federal authorities in local affairs as a violation of the Constitution of the United States, and a crime against free institutions, and we especially object to government by injunction as a new and highly dangerous form of oppression by which Federal Judges, in contempt of the laws of the States and rights of citizens, become at once legislators, judges and executioners, and we approve the bill passed at the last session of the United States Senate, and now pending in the House of Representatives, relative to contempts in Federal courts and providing for trials by jury in certain cases of contempt.

That brave word needed to be spoken then and it needs to be repeated to day. Government by injunction is proceeding to new lengths of reckless usurpation. Consider the action of Judge Hammond, in granting an injunction against some striking iron workers at Cleveland. The men are enjoined from "entering upon the company's grounds for the purpose of interfering therewith in any manner, or from compelling or **INDUCING** or attempting to compel or **INDUCE** by threats, intimidation, **PERSUASION**, force or violence any of the employes to refuse or fail to perform their duties as such employes."

No Anarchist was ever guilty of a more lawless contempt for the source of Governmental authority than has been displayed by this Judge in this proceeding. The Federal Judges, like the President and Congress, derive all their powers from the Constitution of the United States. The Constitution ordains that "Congress shall make no law * * * abridging the freedom of speech or of the press." That provision is just as authoritative as the one directing that "the judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one Supreme Court and in such inferior courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish." If Congress can make no law abridging the freedom of speech there is no such law for a Federal Judge to apply, and Judge Hammond's command that strikers shall not attempt to persuade other men to give up work is as illegal an exercise of brutal, arbitrary power as any decree of Barrios in Guatemala or Weyler in Cuba.

The freedom of contract, says this liveried Judge, "is a constitutional freedom which not even State Legislatures can impair, and certainly not strike organizations, for they surely cannot lawfully do what the Legislature may not."

The freedom of speech is also a constitutional freedom, and cannot lawfully be suppressed in the name of another constitutional freedom. If Congress had assumed to do what Judge Hammond has done no honest court would have hesitated to declare its action void. Certainly no Federal Court has authority to make a law that Congress cannot make.

ANOINTED WITH THE SACRED OIL.

Mr. Rockefeller Confers Upon the President the Degree of LL. D.

A TRUTH THAT WILL COME OUT.

During the Peace Jubilee at Chicago General Miles delivered a speech at the Columbia Theatre. A manuscript of his address had been furnished the press associations in advance. The General omitted the first seven words of the following paragraph and requested the papers to strike them from his speech:

Without apology for useless suffering and sacrifice the navy and army of the United States have written upon the pages of history a chapter that is gilded with glory, and to which every American points with pride.

It may not have been the time nor the place to speak of the blunders of the Santiago campaign, but the written words which General Miles thought it wiser to suppress must eventually summarize the history of Shafter's work in Cuba.

"Useless suffering and sacrifice." That is the indictment against the commander who sent his soldiers into a death trap while he lolled in a hammock four miles from the fighting line. His incapacity, that nearly merged into cowardice, left stricken and wounded men in the trenches without food or surgical attention. Santiago fell in spite of Shafter's efforts to turn a victory into a retreat.

General Miles need only be patient. The truth that he so considerately side-tracked at Chicago will find full expression despite the efforts of a whitewashing committee to obliterate it and of a President to ignore it.

A MODEL AMERICAN WOMAN.

Miss Helen Gould's letter of thanks to the City Council for its resolution commending her generosity to the soldiers is in keeping with the modesty that has attended her good works.

This worthy young woman proved her patriotism at the beginning of the war by sending the President $100,000, to be disposed of as he thought best. When it became necessary to furnish medicines and delicacies to the soldiers in Cuba Miss Gould was a generous contributor.

After the return of the troops her unremitting kindness and care saved many lives in the fever-stricken camps. The Woman's Relief Association found her one of its most valuable members. She supplemented her personal attention to details with any amount of money required.

What a lesson in unselfish generosity and love of country has this retiring gentlewoman taught those who, like her, control millions! They hold unlimited power for good, but how few of them expend a thought upon human suffering, or turn a hand to lighten the burdens of poverty and wretchedness that oppress so many of their fellow beings.

Helen Gould has the qualities that exalt womanhood. She neither uses her great fortune to buy a title nor to further a futile social career. Her heart beats in sympathy with the poor and the distressed.

She has no objection to acting as arbiter in the case of the striking ladies' tailors, and it is entirely probable that her good judgment will find a way to end this disastrous contention.

All honor to Miss Gould, a model of American womanhood.

TRIAL AND VERDICT.

The national Administration is on trial in every Congressional District in this country, and in every legislative district. To that extent national questions enter into the contest in New York State. The slaughter of the soldiers in polluted camps will not be forgotten.

Algerism stands for heartless incapacity, for scheming, corrupt contractors, for ignorant surgeons and unworthy officers. And as President McKinley suffers Alger to retain the important position he has disgraced he makes himself jointly responsible for the scandals that stain the record of the War Department.

A partial accounting must be rendered in November. The people will enter their protests through their representatives. It is conceded that the next House will be Democratic, and in that revolution the President can read what is destined for him and his party.

In this State a Legislature will be chosen that will name a United States Senator. In every district the national Administration must defend Algerism, or follow the course of Mr. Platt's standard bearer and loftily ignore the question.

The result of this attempt to dodge a plain responsibility will be a Democratic Legislature pledged to the re-election of that faithful Democrat, Edward Murphy. Added to the shortcomings of McKinley's administration are the sins of Black's administration.

The voters can repudiate Republicanism in nation and State by electing Judge Van Wyck and making certain the re-election of Senator Murphy.

It is a double opportunity, of which the intelligent voters of New York will not be slow to take advantage.

ROOSEVELT AND RAINES.

Faithful to his promise that he would touch State issues even if he burned his fingers, Colonel Roosevelt has boldly indorsed the Raines law in all its dips, spurs and angles. When the Colonel was enforcing that act in a manner to make New Yorkers weep, he intimated that he was merely performing his duty, but that if he had the making of the laws he would turn out something very different. Now that he is a candidate for a position in which he would have a potent voice in legislation he declares that the measure which he enforced so relentlessly is good in itself, and that he is in favor of maintaining it in all its pristine severity.

Colonel Roosevelt's approval of the Raines law is based chiefly upon its revenue-producing features, and he assumes that if it were repealed all the money it brings in would necessarily be sacrificed. That is an evasion of the real issue. The objections of the people of the cities to the Raines system are not based to any appreciable extent upon its financial side. They are chiefly social and moral. A liquor law could be passed which would be just as productive of revenue as the Raines act, but which would not outrage the susceptibilities of the people, trample on their liberties and infect the atmosphere of their homes with vice.

It is in its moral aspect that the law which Colonel Roosevelt champions is most revolting. By compelling saloons to transform themselves into "hotels" it has turned hundreds of corner groggeries into nests of vice and planted outposts of the Tenderloin in every section of the city.

It is well that the Republican candidate has come into the open in this fight. If he does not learn the real meaning of the Raines law before election day he will find it out not long after the polls have closed.

HOW DOES THE SERGEANT KNOW?

Sergeant T. R. Coleman, of the Fifth Regular Artillery, is credited with this blasphemous opinion of the godlike chief who was led to victory by our army at Santiago:

The soldiers think Shafter is a tub of butter. He can't fight, and it was the boys' opinion that he is a rank coward.

How does this reckless slanderer know that General Shafter can't fight? Let him read Mark Twain's story of the Buffalo Bull and the Tree and profit by it. A gentleman of notorious veracity had been telling of an exciting adventure in which he had been chased up a tree by a ferocious buffalo bull. This colloquy ensued:

"Sure enough, it was just as I had dreaded, he started in to climb the tree"—

"What, the bull?"

"Of course—who else?"

"But a bull can't climb a tree."

"He can't, can't he? Since you know so much about it, did you ever see a bull try?"

"No! I never dreamt of such a thing."

"Well, then, what is the use of your talking that way? Because you never saw a thing done is that any reason why it can't be done?"

Did Sergeant T. R. Coleman ever see General Shafter try to fight? If not, how does he know that he can't do it?

CONDENSED EDITORIALS.

A REPUBLICAN CONTEMPORARY thinks that there is not much to choose between Altgeld and Tanner. There is this difference—that Altgeld always obeyed and enforced the law, while Tanner has openly defied it. Altgeld ordered out the Illinois militia to preserve order, and protested against the interference of the Federal authorities with a work which the State authorities had showed their ability to perform. Tanner has not only refused to maintain order, but has invited riot.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT is beginning to show a little of the fighting spirit which he has generally been supposed to possess. And everybody who likes a lively campaign is glad of it. Mr. Platt's notion that a Rough Rider in war should be a tame sheep in politics was producing a widespread Republican disposition to yawn.

MR. ROOSEVELT, candidate for Governor, develops an interest in the rights of labor:

"Howdy, howdy, howdy do?
How's your wife, and how are you?
Ah, it fits my hand
As none other can—
The horny fist of the workingman!"

COLONEL ROOSEVELT has indorsed the Raines law. Now let him indorse the canal steals, the Force bill and Alger, and Republican harmony will be complete.

Hawthorne's Criticism of the Whitewashers.

[Raleigh (N. C.) News-Observer.]

The so-called investigating committee holds its sessions in a room 25x25 in Washington, and makes the lack of room the public reason for excluding reporters and correspondents. Julian Hawthorne roasts them properly in the New York Journal.

ADVICE TO A PROPHET. AN OPEN LETTER TO OUR FORECASTER.

TO Local Weather Forecaster Emery, twentieth floor, American Casualty Building:

Scientific Sir—Realizing the fact that you have only just started out as a New York weather prophet, and that your youth and inexperience are likely to cause you to tumble into pitfalls prearranged by your competitors, I desire to say a few words to you based upon a study of the subtle methods pursued by your predecessor, and upon your own mistaken ways.

Having made an arrangement to go with my folks upon an Erie Railroad followage excursion to-day (Wednesday), I climbed up to your roost on Tuesday night to obtain some information upon the weather we were likely to have, in order that I might take along mackintoshes and umbrellas in case you prophesied a drought.

Without reproaching you because you swore to me with uplifted hand that it would be clear and cold, I wish to call your attention to the faulty scenery of your office.

A weather expert should be surrounded by mysterious instruments that suddenly click out and register something while the visitor is least expecting it, causing him to jump back several feet and experience a feeling of awe. This is how Mr. Dunn did it. A man from up the State who called to see how weather was prophesied was at once amazed and mystified by the odd machines that Mr. Dunn had hung upon the wall, and that like alarm clocks out of order went off at all sorts of moments.

Thermometers, barometers, isotherms, mean temperatures and longitudes and latitudes encumbered the room. While calling on Mr. Dunn you had to climb over a lot of logarithms and hot weather flags before you could grasp his honest hand. There was a chronometer on the dresser and a graduated thumpy jumper on Mr. Dunn's desk.

Mr. Emery, you have an idea that you can run your bureau with the mise-en-scene that you see in a lawyer's office. Allow me to call your attention to the fact that you cannot.

That soap advertisement calendar that hangs behind your back must come down. Replace it with a colored chart showing the speed with which West Indian hurricanes arrive at the spot toward which they are pointed.

You need the advice of a competent stage manager.

When you were telling me how cold and dry it would be yesterday I did not believe one word of it. You looked and behaved like an ordinary citizen. There was nothing to heighten the illusion. I might have been in the office of a mining company for all I knew.

I do not insist that you shall dress like an astrologer of old, with a sugar loaf paper cap and a robe. I do not require that you should mysteriously wave a wand when I speak to you nor mumble mystic phrases.

But when I come to your office for facts, I would like the place to have some local color. There should be a man winding up something that ticks, and there should be some wind gauges lying around, and one of your assistants should be looking at something through a sextant or a pedometer. Dunn used to have things that buzzed suspended on the wall. As soon as the lookout signalled the approach of a reporter all the machines were set going at once, and the scribe, when he entered, found himself dazed by the hum of industry.

In other words you've got to make your game look plausible.

If you have no instruments, buy some. Place them with careless abandon around the room. Don't worry about whether they go or not. The scheme will go if the instruments don't. Get some eight-day isotherms and keep them wound.

When I ask you if it will snow next Tuesday week, go to a drawer, pull out a clinical barometer and fumble with it. Then whistle up a speaking tube and ask the man in the wind roost the exact direction of the breeze. Then do an algebraic problem on a blackboard and look knowingly at a red and blue chart. After that answer my question, and I will swear by what you say.

But this game of just having an office equipped with a desk, a writing pad and a receipt for the first month's rent?

Not on your life, Mr. Emery.

CHARLES A. METCALF.

JOSEPH'S LITTLE JOKE.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain recently stated that the high regard in which he holds this country is, in England, shared by all classes, that it extends from the man with the dinner pail to the lord in the banquet hall. The statement is very gratifying and the language extremely picturesque. The right honorable gentleman has a gift of expression which is rare. But it will be a matter for individual temperament to decide which is the more delectable, the sweet effrontery of it all or the entire credulity which it presupposes here. Yet before deciding, it may be profitable to remember that the right honorable gentleman is both a guest and a statesman, and that to him, in either capacity, fiction has to be less strange than truth. At the same time, if the man with the dinner pail and the banqueting lord have any sense of humor, which is doubtful, how they must split their sides.—Edgar Saltus in Collier's Weekly.

SIR ANDY DE BOOTJACK. ALAN DALE REVIEWS THE LATEST BURLESQUE.

RICHARD CARLE'S Koster & Bial's impressions of Rostand's aggressively discussed "heroic comedy" are the real humorous thing. After having seen Mr. Carle trying to be funny on the stage, I couldn't help fearing that his "Sir Andy de Bootjack" would prove a dismal essay on dismal times. However, Carle has a witty pen, even if he doesn't rejoice in a side-splitting personality, and his twenty-minute review of "Cyrano" is clever.

But every rose (please don't make it "nose") has its thorns, and in order to appreciate "Sir Andy de Bootjack" you will have to spend three hours at the Garden Theatre with Mansfield. Whether this great and original actor will object to posing as a preparatory symptom to Richard Carle, I do not know. Mr. Carle has considerately managed things so that the burlesque will be understood only by those who have seen the original play (which is quite just and proper). In fact, the idea reminds you of a prize puzzle in a monthly magazine. You have got to buy the magazine before you can enter.

There never was a better subject for burlesque than "Cyrano de Bergerac," and Mr. Carle has greedily seized upon its most salient features, and splashed them with blithe irreverence. Nothing has been sacred to him. He has captured august Augustin, labelled him Augustin Dooley, and "guyed" him into smithereens. In fact some of the silly writers who have wasted pen and ink in waxing indignant at Mr. Daly's alleged audacity in Roxana-ing Cyrano might take a hint from Mr. Carle, and realize that a clever "guy" is often worth ten of an infuriated "roast."

"What is a kiss?" asks Roxiana Reehan from her calcium bath on the balcony.

"I transfer it to Ada," is the quick rejoinder.

And then comes this tobasco dash: "Ada isn't old enough to know what a kiss means."

Now if that doesn't cover the whole business of Mr. Daly's so-called sacrilege in the case of the "kiss" speech better than the frenzied invectives of censors, then I don't know anything about the effect of ridicule.

Roxiana Reehan's song is also a capable bit of satire, and Mr. Daly is steeped in ridicule thick enough to drown him.

If "Cyrano" doesn't happen to strike it
He'll dig up "As You Like It,"

sings Roxiana, and those who don't know the pros and cons of this celebrated case must e'en satisfy themselves with the jiggy air of the ditty, and with Miss Josie Hall's green, red and yellow notion of Roxane. She calls Mr. Daly "good old Gussie" without turning a hair of her head, and I noticed that one or two actors in the audience gasped asthamatically at the fearful heresy. Good old Gussie, forsooth! How could anybody reach such depths of irreverence, if it were not for burlesque—privileged burlesque, in which people can say merciless things and ward off indignation by protesting that it is all a joke? That is the beauty of burlesque. It is like the comic valentine, by means of which you can be as spiteful as you like, and then laugh it off tricklingly as an amiable jest.

However, to my mind Mr. Carle isn't spiteful—merely jocular. I haven't entered into that acrid "Cyrano" controversy that threatens to embitter two continents. I can't look upon the manager who has adapted Shakespeare, and received general recognition for his work, as a heavy villain because he has adapted Rostand.

The balcony scene is capitally burlesqued. Roxiana is forced to go in and "do the dishes," leaving Sir Andy and Christian Endeavor in the lime-lighted garden. They summon her to her balcony by throwing bricks at the window. The lovely girl appears at last in her arch, svelte beauty, and pathetically asks: "Who's that throwing bricks and calling Rox?" But it is always Daly who gets the bricks.

"Has any one seen Cyrano?" somebody asks.

And the answer is, "No one in Philadelphia has seen him."

The points of the book are well brought out. Cyrano's profile on the garden wall (vide his speech at the Garden) is shown by a huge nose on a transparency. The "No thank, you," speech is tackled with an absolute lack of all respect, and Raguenau's celebrated recipe becomes a sort of answer to correspondents anxious to make jelly tarts. Sir Andy is very anxious to die before the final curtain falls, but Miss Josie Hall kindly offers to sing to him, and thus give him an original method of decease.

Miss Hall is developing into a burlesquer of rare value. Burlesque is an art. It is the art that saves serious unnecessaries from sinking into soggy minds. Miss Hall understands the real meaning of parody, which has nothing whatsoever to do with horseplay. It would have been an easy job to play Roxiana Reehan as a noisy, vociferous, loud-voiced hoyden, but Miss Hall doesn't do it. She is sedately funny and eminently artistic. Her burlesque talent is displayed not only in "Sir Andy," but in a delightful vaudeville satire with Mr. Carle, and also in that comic opera skit that I mentioned the first time that I saw "In Gotham." New York needs just such a woman to be kept in stock as a remedy for haughty leading ladies and bombastic starlines, who take themselves too seriously. There is nothing like a dash of ridicule on these occasions.

Dick Sam-Bernard as Sir Andy de Bootjack managed to give us a humorous Teutonic Cyrano plaintively asking if he couldn't be allowed a heart as well as a nose. Mr. Dick Bernard seems to have many of the elements of a successful comedian, and plenty of energy. Mr. Carle himself as Christian Endeavor must be satisfied with the glories of the parodist rather than with those of the funny man. They should be sufficient. We have a dozen comedians to every good burlesque writer.

William Sloan, Tony Sullivan, Peter M. Lang, Richard Guise, May Duryea and Nellie Butler are all enlisted in the service of "Sir Andy de Bootjack." But Miss Hall is programmed as the star, and the all-important conjunction "and," which links the stellar name with the rest of the cast, becomes "and yet besides." That is a good idea. I commend it to most stars.

"Sir Andy de Bootjack" has brightened up "In Gotham" very considerably. It has been improved since I saw it last by the omission of the silly Catskill scene and by various appropriate interpolations. Among these are the vaudeville skit, and some piano exercise for the young lady who calls herself Cheridah Simpson.

Perhaps "Cyrano" will be responsible for the growth of real burlesque. It will then have accomplished more good than Rostand in all his enthusiasm ever dreamed of. Even the Independent Theatre would be endurable if it could only set our funmakers at work. We live our short lives too soberly and relegate healthy laughter (I call the laughter induced by mere horseplay unhealthy) to the background. Let us have burlesque. Let us see the effect of clever ridicule upon plays that have tampered with our emotions. Let us watch the other side of those emotions.

Weber and Fields will give us their ideas of "Cyrano" next. I am all impatience.

ALAN DALE.

Perfectly Happy.

Mrs. Wicklins—You and your husband and Mr. and Mrs. Caddsley seem to be very good friends.

Mrs. Dimpleton—Yes. You see Mr. Caddsley and I used to be engaged.

Mrs. Wicklins—But I don't understand why that fact should make you enjoy each other's society now.

Mrs. Dimpleton—Well, of course, I can't speak for him, but he married a woman who is at least five years older than I am and not half as good looking, if I do say it myself. You don't know what a comfortable feeling takes possession of me when we are together and I see him glancing first in her direction then in mine.—Cleveland Leader.

GOSSIP OF THE SWELLS. THEIR FADS AND TROUBLES.

LORD FERMOY has met with a serious accident in the hunting field, and this time it looks really as if he were going to give up the ghost.

In which case, you know what will happen. Burke Roche will become Lord Fermoy, and Mrs. Burke Roche a peeress of the realm. As Mrs. Burke Roche has obtained a Delaware divorce, not recognized in England, she will have her greatness thrust upon her at the same time perhaps as Mrs. Colgate is considering whether to accept the old Earl of Strafford or not.

This will be the first instance of an American woman being a peeress against her will.

I saw Mrs. Burke Roche in town the other day shopping. She was very handsome, as usual, and as she now insists upon being called simply Mrs. Roche I am at liberty to say that she had two little Roches with her.

Burke Roche was in this country until a few days ago.

Mrs. Robert Remsen is much to be congratulated on the recovery of the silver which was stolen from her in New London by the gentlemanly burglar Travis a few weeks ago.

In Mrs. Remsen's collection of silver are several remarkable old Dutch flagons, which belonged to the Rutgers family and which are priceless. Mr. Remsen was a descendant of the Rutgerses, and his grandmother lived in the quaint Rutgers manor house, in one corner of the orchard of which Nathan Hale was hung.

I hear that Travis outshone himself at the Remsen cottage. He not only stole the silver, but held a supper, and drank a great deal of wine and smoked several boxes of cigarettes, having altogether a very good time.

Several other cottages at New London were also visited at the time of the Travis raid, and those articles which were plate and not silver were considerately returned by the marauders.

The wet weather seriously interfered with the Baltusrol handicap for women on Wednesday, and the last day was a terrible disappointment to the club and the players.

On the first day there were not the same number of contestants, nor were they of the same set, although there were just as many of society present. Miss Louise McAllister drove over each afternoon this week from Beechwood, where she is stopping, in a spider, and, not to lapse into Mother Goose doggerel, sometimes "beside her," when she used a more commodious trap, was Mr. Dieter, of the Manhattan Club.

Mr. Dieter is the last admirer of Miss McAllister, and his devotion and attentions are so marked as to start the rumor that there is an engagement on the tapis.

But Miss McAllister has always an affair of this kind on tap, and she is not very anxious to change her name, or she could have done so long ago.

Miss McAllister does not golf herself, but makes an interested spectator.

Apropos of Miss McAllister, I wonder what has become of her devoted cavalier of two years ago, Mr. Peploe.

He was an English sculptor of very good family, and at one time matters looked very serious.

On his studio in Twenty-eighth street there is the sign "To let," and there were tacked up there this Autumn some other documents or notices which had from the street car window point of view a legal aspect.

Mr. Archie Crawford, who came out here as a singer in the Gayety Girl Company some three years ago, and who was much taken up by society at the same time as Mr. Peploe, has also vanished from the social horizon, and one misses his clear baritone voice at the country house parties and fast afternoon teas of the season.

It is said that he has gone into bric-a-brac, and that he makes his home at Lakewood.

I do not know much about the truth of this, but I think that it has some foundation.

His reported engagement to a fascinating and wealthy widow is off.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

WHY SO CALLED.

They were speaking of the wedding.

"It doesn't seem just right that the groom's attendant should be called the best man," he suggested.

"Not at first," she replied, "but after about a year of married life the bride usually makes up her mind that he was properly so called."

And even though they had been married only ten months, there seemed to be something bitter and sarcastic in her words, and he went away to the office without kissing her good-by.—Chicago Post.

COULDN'T HELP BEING GLAD.

"So you overcame the old antipathy of yours," her husband remarked, "and called on Mrs. Bobbles?"

"Yes."

"Do you think she was glad to see you?"

"I am sure of it."

"Ahem—you must have some reason for that belief outside her assurances."

"I have. I had on the old dress that was made over twice, and my hat was out of fashion; while she had on a new gown that couldn't have come from anywhere but Paris. Could she help being glad to see me?"—Vanity Fair.